

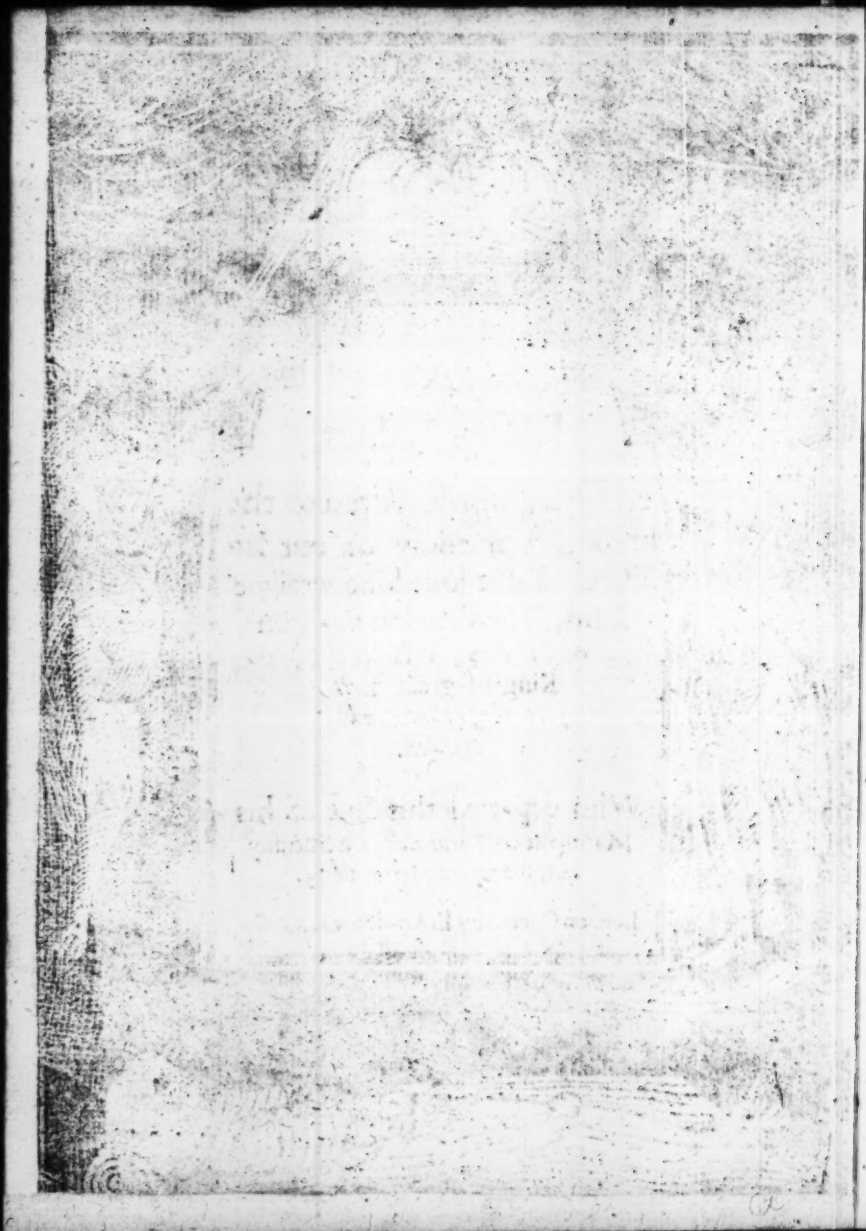
A
Liuing Sadnes,

In Duty consecrated to the
Immorrall memory of our late
Deceased albe-loued Soueraigne
Lord, The Peereles Paragon
of Princes, I A M E S,
King of great Brit-
taine, France and
Ireland.

Who departed this Life at his
Mannour of *Theobalds*, on Sunday
last, the 27. of March, 1625.

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TO
THE MOST
HIGH AND PVISSANT
PRINCE, CHARLES

by the Grace of God, the first of
that Name, and second Monarch of
the whole Iland of Great

BRITTAINE:

His vndoubted Royalties being vnited
vnder one and the same his most glorious
Crowne, the Kingdoms of *England,*
Scotland, France, and Ireland;

Gods Immediate Vice-Gerent; Supream head of
all Persons, and Defender of the true, ancient
Christian Faith, in these his Empires and
Dominions.



Ost Mighty Monarch
of this mourning Land,
Vpon the Knees
of my submissiue minde:

I begge Acceptance at your Royall hand,
That my Lamenting Mule may fauour finde.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*My Gracious Master was so good, so kinde,
So iust, so much-beloued neare and farre:
Which generally did Loue, and Duty binde
From all, and from me in particular.
But as your Maiesty vndoubted are
The Heyre vnto his Vertues and his Crowne:
I pray, that whether HEAVEN send Peace or War
You likewise may inherit his Renowne.
And as Death stricke his Earthly Glory downe,
Left you in Maiestie, and mourning Chiefe:
Yet through the World apparently 'tis knowne
Your Sorrow is an vniuersall Griefe.
Let this recomfort then your Princely heart,
That in this Duty, all men beares a part.*

Your Maiesties

most humble

and obedient

Subject and Seruant :

JOHN TAYLOR.



OV Gushing Torrents of my Teare-
drown'd eyes,
Sad Part-ners of my hearts Calami-
ties.

Tempestuous Sighs, like windes in
Prison Pent :

Which (wanting vent) my grieued soule hath Rent,
Deepe wounding Grones (Companions of vnrest)
Thronges from the Bottom of my Care-Craz'd Brest,
You three, Continuall fellowes of my mones
(My Brinish Teares, Sad sighes, & Pondrous Grones)
I doe entreate you neuer to depart
But be the true Assistants of my heart,
In this Great *Sorrow*, (that my Trembling Quill
Describes) which, doth our land with mourning fill.
Ah *Death* ! could nought thy hunger satisfie,
But thou must Glut thy selfe with *Maiestie* ?
Could nothing thy Infatiate thirst Restraine,
But Royall Blood of our Dread Soueraigne?
In this thy spight exceedes, beyond all Boundes,
And at one Blow, 3. kingdomes fill'd'st with wounds.
When thou that fatall deadly stroake did'st strike,
Then (*Death*) thou playd'st the Tyrant-*Catholicke*.
Our griefes are *Vniuersall*, and the Summe
Cast vp, the blow doth wound all Christendome.

But

But wherefore (*Death*) doe I on thee Exclaime?
 Thou cam'st in the Eternall Kings Great name,
 For as, no mortall Power can thee preuent,
 So thou doest neuer, Come, but thou art sent.
 And now thou cam'st vpon vnwelcome wings,
 To our best King, from the blest King of Kings,
 To Summon him to change his Earthly Throne,
 For an Immortall, and a Heau'nly one.
 (When men vnthankfull, for a good Receau'd,
 'Tis Iust that of that good they be bereau'd)
 His Gouvernment, both *God* and *Men* did please,
 Except such spirits as might complaine of *Ease*,
 Repining Passions wearied with much *Rest*,
 The want to be *Molested*, might *Molest*.
 Such men thinke *Peace* a Torment, and no *Trouble*
 Is worse then *Trouble*, though it should come double.
 I speake of such, as with our peace were Cloy'd,
 Though *warre* I thinke, might well haue bin Imploy'd.
 True *Brittaines*, with iust warres to Entertaine,
 (I meane no Aide for *Spinola*, or *Spaine*)
 But Time and Troubles would not suffer it,
 Nor *Gods* Apointment would the same permit.
 He is Inscrutable in all his wayes,
 And at his pleasure humbleth, and will raise,
 For *Patience*, is a vertue he Regardeth,
 And in the End, with victorie Rewardeth.
 But whither hath my Mournefull Muse digrest?
 From my beloued Soueraigne Lord deceast:
who was to vs, and we to *him*, Eu'n Thus,
 To bad for him, and he, to good for vs.

For

For good men in their Deaths, 'Tis vnderstood
 They leaue the *bad*, and goe vnto the Good.
 This was the cause, why God did take from hence,
 This most Religious, Learned, Gracious *Prince*,
 This Parragon of Kings, this Matchlesse Mirror,
 This *Faiths* defending Antichristian Terror,
 This Royall al-beloued King of *Harts*,
 This Patterne, and this Patron of good Arts,
 This cabinet of mercie, *Temperance*,
Prudence, and *Iustice*, that doth *man* aduance.
 This Magazine of Pious *Clemencie*,
 This fountaine of true *Liberallitie*,
 This minde, where vertue dayly did increase,
 This Peace-full Seruant to the God of *Peace*.
 This second great *Apollo*, from whose Raies,
 Poore *Poetrie* did winne Immortall *Baies*,
 From whence the sacred *Sisters*, Treble Trine
 Had life and motion, Influence diuine,
 These *vertues* did adorne his *Diadem*,
 And *God*, in taking *him*, hath taken *them*.
 Of all which *Blessings*, (we must needs confesse)
 We are depriu'd for our vnworthinesse.
 A good man's neuer mist till he be gone,
 And then most vaine and fruitlesse is our mone,
 But as *Heau'ns* fauours, downe to vs descended:
 So if our thankfulnesse had but Ascended,
 Had we made Conscience of our wayes to sinne,
 So soone of him, we not depriu'd had bin.
 Then let vs not lament his losse so much,
 But for our owne vnworthinesse was such,

So from th'vnthankfull *Iewes*, God in his wrath
 Tooke good *Iofias*, by vnlook'd for death.
 And for our sinnes, our ignorance must know,
 We haue procur'd, and felt this cureles blow.
 And *Christendome*, I feare in losing him,
 Is much dismembred, and hath lost a limme.
 As by the fruite the tree may be exprest,
 His workes declar'd, his learning manifest.
 Whereby his wisdom was this great renowne,
 That second *Salomon* wore *Brittaines* crowne.
 His pen restrain'd the strong, relieu'd the weake,
 And graciously he could write, doe and speake.
 He had more force and vigour in his wordes,
 Then neigh'bring Princes could haue in their swordes.
Fraunce, *Denmark*, *Poland*, *Sweden*, *Germanie*,
Spaine, *Sauoy*, *Italie*, and *Musconie*,
Bohemia, and the fruitfull *Palatine*,
 The *Swisses*, *Grisons*, and the *Veltoline*,
 As farre as euer *Sol*, or *Luna* shin'd
 Beyond the *Westerne*, or the *Easterne Inde*.
 His counsell, and his fauours were requir'd,
 Approu'd, Belou'd, Applauded, and Admir'd:
 When round about, the Nations farre and neere,
 With cruell bloodie warres infested were;
 When *Mars* with sword and fire, in furious rage,
 Spoyl'd and consum'd, not sparing Sex or age;
 Whilst mothers (with great grieve) were childles made,
 And *Sonne* gainst *Sire* oppos'd with trenchant blade:
 When brother against brother, kinne gainst kinne,
 Through death and danger did destruction winne.

When

When Murthers mercilesse, and beastly Rapes,
 Theft, Famine (Miseries in sundry shapes)
 While Mischiefs thus great Kingdomes ouerwhelme,
 Our prudent *Steeresman* held great *Brittaines* Helme,
 Conducting so this mighty *Shippe* of State,
 That strangers enuide, and admir'd thereat.
 When blessed *Peace*, with terrour and affright
 Was in amazed and distracted flight
 By bloody *warre*, and in continuall Chase,
 Cours'd like a fearefull Hare, from place to place:
 Not daring any where to show her Head,
 She (happily) into this Kingdome fled.
 Whom Royall *IAMES* did freely entertaine,
 And graciously did keepe Her all his Raigne.
 Whilst other Lands (that for her absence mourne)
 With sighes and teares doe wish her backe returne.
 They finde in loosing *Her*, they lost a blisse,
 A hundred Townes in *France* can witnesse this,
 Where *warres* compulsion, or else composition
 Did force Obedience, Bondage, or Submission.
 Fields lay vntild, and fruitfull Land lay wast,
 And this was scarcely yet full three yeares past.
 Where these vnciuill ciuill *Warres* destroy'd
 Princes, Lords, Captaines, men of Note employ'd,
 One hundred sixty seauen, in number all,
 And Common people did past number fall.
 These wretches (wearied with these home-bred Iarres)
 Loue *Peace*, for being beaten sore with *warres*.
 Nor doe I here inueigh against just Armes,
 But 'gainst vniust, vnaturall Alarmes.

Iust Warres are made, to make vniust Warres cease,
 And in this sort Warres are the meanes of *Peace*.
 In all which turmoyles, *Brittaine* was at rest,
 No thundring Cannons did our *Peace* molest.
 No churlish Drum, no Rapes, no slaughtering wounds;
 No Trumpets clangor to the Battaille sounds:
 But euery Subiect here enioy'd his owne,
 And did securely Reape what they had Sowne.
 Each man beneath his Fig-tree, and his Vine
 In *Peace* with plenty did both Suppe and Dine.
 O GOD how much thy Goodnesse doth o'reflow,
 Thou hast not dealt with other Nations so!
 And all these blessings which from Heauen did spring,
 Were by our Soueraignes wisdomes managing.
Gods Steward, both in Office, and in Name,
 And his account was euermore his aime:
 The thought from out his minde did seldome slippe,
 That once he must giue vp his Steward-shippe.
 His Anger written on weake water was,
 His Patience and his Loue were grau'd in Brasse:
 His Fury like a wandring Starre soone gone,
 His Clemency was like a fixed one.
 So that as many lou'd him whilst he liu'd,
 More then so many by his Death are grieu'd.
 The hand of *Heauen* was onely his support,
 And blest him in the Nobles of his Court,
 To whom his Bounty was exprest so Royall,
 That he these twenty yeares found none disloyall;
 But as bright Iewels of his Diadem,
 They faithfully seru'd him, he honour'd them.

And

And as in life, they were on him relying,
 So many of them vthered him in dying.
Richmonds and *Lincox* Duke, first led the way,
 Next *Dorsets* spirit forooke hir house of Clay.
 Then *Lincox* Duke againe, Duke *Lodwicks* Brother
 Was third, and good *Southampton* fourth another.
 Lord *Wriethsly* next, *Southampton*s Noble Sonne,
 The race of his mortality did runne.
 Next dyde olde *Charles*, true honour'd *Nottingham*
 (The Brooche and honour of his House and Name).
 Braue *Belfast* next, his vitall threed was spunne,
 And last the Noble Marquesse *Hambleton*.
 These in the compasse of one yeare went hence,
 And lead the way to their beloued Prince.
 And our deceased *Soueraigne* quickly went,
 To change Earths Pompe, for glory permanent..
 Like *Pharlus* in his Course h'arose and ran
 His Raigne in *March* both ended and began.
 And as if he had bin a Star that's fixt
 His Rise and Set were but two dayes betwixt;
 And once in two and twenty yeares 'tis prou'd,
 That the most fixed Starres are something mou'd.
 But in his end, his Constancy we finde
 He had no mutable or wauering minde:
 For that Religion which his tongue and pen
 Did still defend with God, maintaine with men:
 That Faith which in his Life he did expresse,
 He in his Death did constantly professe;
 His Treasure and his Jewels, they were such,
 As I thinke *Englands* Kings had ne're so much.

And still to men of honour and desert,
 His Coffers were as open as his heart.
Peace, Patience, Iustice, Mercie, Pietie;
 These were his Jewels in variety:
 His *Treasure* alwaies was his Subiects Loue,
 Which they still gaue him, as th' effects did proue:
 Which like to Earths contributory streames,
 Payde homage to their Soueraigne Ocean, *James*:
 He knew, that Princes *Treasure* to be best,
 Thats layde vp in the loyall Subiects brest;
 And onely 'twas the Riches of the minde,
 To which he couetously was inclinde.
 Thus was he blest in Person, blest in State,
 Blest in his first, and in his Latter date:
 Blest in his education, blest in's learning,
 Blest in his Wisedome, Good and Ill discerning,
 Blest in his Marriage, and in his royall Race,
 But blessed most of all in *Gods* high Grace.
 He did his *God* deuoutely serue and feare,
 He lou'd him, and his loue he held most deare:
 He honour'd and obayde him faithfully;
 He in his fauour liu'd, and so did dye:
 His duty vnto *God* he knew the way
 And meanes, to make his Subiects him obey:
 He knew that if he seru'd his *God*, that then
 He should be seru'd, and fear'd, and lou'd of *Men*:
 And that if he *Gods* Statutes did respect,
 That *Men* would feare his Statutes to neglect.
 Thus his Obedience vpward, did bring downe
 Obedience to his Person, and his Crowne.

He

He did aduance the good, suppress the bad,
 Relieu'd the poore, and comforted the sad:
 The widow, and the orphant fatherlesse,
 He often hath suppli'd in their distresse,
 For why, to rich and poore, to great and small,
 He was a common *Father* vnto all.
 His affabilitie and Princely partes,
 Made him a mighty Conquerour of *Hartes*:
 Offenders whom the law of life depriues,
 His *Mercie* pardon'd, and preferu'd their liues,
 To prisoners, and peore captiues miserie,
 He was a Magazine of charitie,
 For losses that by sea, or fire did come,
 He hath bestowed many a liberall summe.
 Besides, for Churches, it most plaine appeares,
 That more hath bin repair'd in twentie yeares
 (In honour of our God, and Sauours name)
 Then in an hundred yeares before he came.
 Our ancient famous *Vniuersities*,
Diuine, and *Humane* learnings *Nurseries*:
 Such dewes of *Grace*, as the Almighty will,
 Was pleased (through those *Limbeckes*) to distill.
 Which (spight of *Romish* rage, or *Sathans* hate)
 Hath caus'd the glorious gospel propagate:
 Our (*light of learning*) *IAMES*, did still protect them,
 And as a nursing *Father* did affect them.
 Thus was *He*, for our *soules*, and bodies health,
 Defender of both Church and Common-wealth.
 For *Ireland*, he hath much reduc'd that nation,
 Churches with Land endowed, caus'd much plātation.
 Whereby

Whereby *Ciuitie* is planted there;
 The Kings *Obedience*, and th' *Almighties Feare*.
 These Deedes this worthy godly *Prince* hath done;
 For which he hath perpetuall praises wonne.

Ah! what a gracious *Man of God* was this?
Mercy and *Iustice* did each other kisse;
 His *Affability* whilst he did liue,
 Did make all *Men* themselues to him to giue.

Thus liu'd Great IAMES, and thus Great IAMES did dye,
And dying thus doth liue Eternally.

With *Honour* he did liue, and Life forsooke,
 With *Patience* like a *Lambe* his Death he tooke:
 And leauing Kingly cares, & Princely paine,
 He now inherits an Immortall Raigne:
 For royal grieu'd, perplexed Maiestie,
 He hath a Crowne of perpetuities:
 For miserable Pompe thats transitory,
 He is aduanc'd to euerlasting glory.
 And as he lou'd, and liu'd, and dyed in *Peace*,
 So he in *Peace* did quietly de cease:
 So let him rest in that most blest condition,
 Thats subiect to no change or intermission;
 Whilst we his Seruants, of him thus bereft,
 With grieued and perplexed hearts are left;
 But *God* in mercy looking on our grieue,
 Before he gaue the wound, ord ain'd reliefe:
 Though duteous *Sorrow* bids vs not forget
 This clowde of *Death*, wherein our *Sunne* did set,
 His *Sonnes* resplendent Maiestie did rise,
 Loadstone, and Loadstarre to our hearts and eyes:

He

He cheeres our drooping spirits, he frees our feares
 And (like the *Sunne*) dryes vp our dewie Teares.
 All those *his* servants that lamenting Grieve
 King *Charles* his Grace and fauour doth Relceue:
 But as they seru'd his Father, so he will
 Be their most louing Lord and Soueraigne still,
 As they were first to their Master liuing (being dead)
 They are releeced, and recomforted.
 Thus Charitie doth in succession runne,
 A Pious Father leaues a Godly *Sonne*:
 Which *Sonne* his Kingly Government shall passe
 His Kingdomes Father, as his Father was.
 For though Great *James* inter'd in earth doth lye
 Great *Charles* his breast intombes his memorye,
 And heer's our comforts midst our discontents
Hee's season'd with his *Fathers* Documents.
 And as th' Almighty was his sheild and speare,
 Protecting him from danger euery where:
 From most vnnaturall foule Conspiracie,
 From Powder plots, and hellish Treacherie,
 Whilst he both liu'd and dyde, belou'd, Renound,
 And Treason did it selfe, it selfe confound,
 So I inuoke th' *Eternall Providence*
 To be to *Charles* a Buckler and defence,
 Supported onely by the *Power Diuine*
 As long as *Sunne* or *Moon* or *Starres* shall shine.

To all that haue Read this Poeme.

I Boast not, but his Maiestie that's dead
 Was many times well pleas'd my lines to read:
 And euery line word, syllable and letter
 Were (by his reading) graced and made better,
 And howsoeuer they were good, or ill
 His Bounty shewed, he did accept them still;
 Hee was so good and gracious vnto me,
 That I the vilest wretch on earth should be
 If, for his sake I had not writ this verse
 My last poore dutie, to his Royall Hearse,
 Two causes made me this sad Poeme write,
 The first, my humble dutie did inuite,
 The last to shunne that vice which doth include
 All other vices, foule ingratitude.

FINIS.

